

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former
Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

Nipping a New York Blackhand Conspiracy in the Bud

Pasquale Leoni came near to being one of the smoothest blackhand chieftains in this country. But not quite. He failed at the very outset of what would have been, had it succeeded in getting started, one of the most successful blackmailing and robbing conspiracies that ever emanated from the evil minds of the Italian Black Hand men who live by terrorizing their fellow countrymen in American cities.

Leoni ran a little private bank for the accommodation of his own countrymen in Elizabeth street, in the lower Italian quarter of New York City. He made no pretense of doing a big business, nor of securing his depositors and patrons against loss by any great capital of his own. He had started in as a steamship agent, selling tickets for a couple of the lines that make a specialty of carrying the cheaper class of passenger trade between New York and the Mediterranean ports. That was ten years before the events here to be related ever began.

From a seller of steamship tickets Leoni began to branch out, and soon he was running a little Italian employment agency in conjunction with his original business. He satisfied everybody concerned with his dealings in this, and soon the Italian emigrants who had found work through his office began to entrust to him the task of conveying safely to the loved ones back in Italy part of the funds earned by the newcomers in America.

The private bank was the next step. The newly arrived Italians were loathe to trust their hard-earned money with any of the strange bankers in this strange land. Leoni was one of them, a son of their own beloved Italy. He had welcomed them upon their arrival at Ellis Island, he had brought them up the bay and found them rooms in the crowded quarters of the east side. Work they had secured through him, and their steps in the new land had been generally guided by his advice. What more natural than that they should turn to him when they began to accumulate little sums of money which they wished to save?

Leoni took care of their money with great satisfaction to them and considerable profit to himself. His power and influence, and the prosperity of this little private bank—so private that the state bank examiners had nothing to do with it—grew until in March, 1911, he had on deposit in his Elizabeth street office over \$150,000 placed in his care by his trusting countrymen.

I had never heard of Leoni until he came to the office of the Burns Detective Agency and asked for protection. "It is the Black Hand—the Mano Nera—that is after me," he said. "They have threaten me. Me, Pasquale Leoni, whom all good Italians trust—these bad men have threatened that they shall take my life or I am to give them \$25,000."

He dove into his pocket as he spoke and showed us a letter written in Italian and addressed to him. Translated it read:

"Dear Prosperous Brother: "Many of the countrymen are out of work. Times are not as rich with all as they are with you. Those who have much should help those who have little or nothing. Brother, you have much; we have nothing. You should be glad to help. There are many of us. That we all should get a little, you must give much. But it is not much to you, who has so much. Brother, you must have \$25,000 to give us in two weeks when we ask for it, or we will remove you as a traitor to your poor countrymen."

"The Beautiful Society." It was a typical Black Hand letter, except that the amount was away beyond the usual demand.

"How did you have the nerve to come here about this?" asked the office manager. You know Italians usually are afraid to speak even to their wives about communications of this sort.

"To the police I would not go," said Leoni. "But you I think I can trust. Anyhow, I will die before I give up this money. I want you to protect me by finding the writer of this letter and putting him in jail. I have heard that you do such things very well."

The office manager turned to me. "Want to take the case, Cornell?" he asked. "We don't usually touch anything of this sort."

"Certainly," I said. "It's all part of the game to me." Leoni and I got together then. I took the letter and examined it carefully. It was in a fairly good handwriting and carefully punctuated and phrased. Apparently it was the work of an educated man.

I reasoned that this letter probably was the work of one of the men whom Leoni had had dealings with in one way or another. Probably somebody who had deposited money with him and who knew how prosperous the private banker was becoming.

"How did the letter come to you?" I asked. "It was shoved under the door at night," he said. "I found it when I open store in the morning."

I put the letter under a microscope and examined it carefully.

"Did it come just the way it was?" I asked.

"Yes."

"No envelope?"

"No, nothing but what you have there."

That didn't sound good to me. Under the microscope the letter failed to show any of the dust or dirt that would have adhered to it if it had been carried unfolded and, without a cover, pushed under the door of an Elizabeth street store. The letter was crisp and clean, as if it had been taken from an envelope that had sheltered it in its travels until very recently.

"Is this the only letter of this sort you have?" I asked.

"No, no," he laughed. "There were others. I tore them up. I paid no attention to them until this one came. It names a time when I must have the money ready. That is why I came here."

"Were the letters all in this handwriting?" I asked.

He was a little slow in answering. "Yes," he said, finally. "Yes, all the same handwriting."

"All right," I said; "let's go down to your office."

He grumbled at this.

"It would not do for me to be seen with you," he protested. "The society has eyes everywhere. If you come to Elizabeth street with me its spies will see and they will get suspicious. Then they will kill me as a warning for others to be careful."

"All right," said I. "When can I come to see you?"

"You want to see me in the office?"

"Yes, in your office."

"That is absolutely necessary?"

"Yes," I said, "it is necessary."

"All right, all right," he said. "Come tonight then, at ten. The street will be crowded so that you can slip in without being noticed."

I put on some old clothes that night and slouched through the crowds in Elizabeth street until I reached Leoni's store. I went in, pretending to have some business at the banking window, and when no one was looking I slipped back into the office.

"I want to take a look at your books first of all," I said.

He was puzzled, but he turned over to me his books. He had kept the signatures of his depositors in a single big book, and this was what I looked over most carefully.

I found what I had hoped to find. About a year before one "Ignacio Martina" had written his name and his address, "Whitefish, Wis." in Leoni's signature book in the same fine Italian hand that had written the threatening letter. There was no mistaking it. The writing was too distinctive to be confused.

I was on the point of telling Leoni what I had found, but on second flash I reasoned: "Here is an excitable Italian, half crazed with fear, and if I tell him what I think I have found he'll go up in the air, and if he doesn't plot to take his private vengeance he's almost sure to let someone know what he's been told." So I said nothing, but looked through the book without comment. After a short time I left Leoni, telling him I'd call him up in a day or two.

"Do you think you can catch them?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "It's pretty hard for an American to get onto the crooked ways of these fellows, but we've never failed on a case yet."

"Ah," he said. "But you never had a case like this?"

"No," said I; "that's true, too."

When I got back to the office the manager said: "Well, how do you like Black Handing as far as you've gone?"

"That's a funny looking case to me," I said. "It looks too easy to be true."

I told him what I had found, and what my theory shaped up like.

"Oh, drop it if you want to," he said. "I don't think we care to be mixed up in that sort of a mess. Do just as you please about it."

I had already made a start on the case and had discovered what I was inclined to believe was a striking clue. The attraction of the man-hunt had me, and I said:

"I'll go on with it for a while at least, if you don't mind."

Next day I went down to the Federal building and looked over the names of Italians who had applied for citizenship in this country. There I found "Ignacio Martina's" name again, and in the same hand-writing as the Black Hand letter that Leoni had received. I called up Leoni's bank on the phone. Leoni didn't happen to be in. If he had been this story probably would never have been told. His clerk was in and in answer to my question he looked up his books and found that Ignacio Martina still was living in Whitefish, Wis., that he got his mail at the general delivery, and that he was a tall thin man with a thin face.

I left for Whitefish that day. Thirty hours later I was asking the postmistress of that little town if she had any mail for "Ignacio Martina." She had. Of course she knew that I wasn't Martina so she wouldn't hand over the letter, but I had a glimpse of it and saw that it was from New York.

I spotted Martina next day. He was a villainous, though intelligent looking fellow who lived in the Italian settlement of the town without any visible means of support. Now see how pure luck often makes a case for a detective with scarcely any effort of his own.

There was in Whitefish a private Italian banker operating much after the manner of Leoni in New York. The Italians who lived in the town were mostly men who worked on the railroad, and their families. They had

begun to settle in the town a few years before, and one Frank Cantino, a white-headed old Calabrian, had taken upon himself the burdens of king of this little Italy. He made himself political boss of his countrymen first; then he became their banker. He was much respected and liked by his countrymen and by Americans as well. I found this out on the third day of my visit to Whitefish because on the night of that day Cantino was murdered in the room in the rear of his little private bank.

The murder was a terrible shock to the peaceful little town. Nothing of the sort had ever happened in its history. The tragedy had occurred on Main street, no later than ten o'clock, and was a crime of the boldest and bloodiest sort. Cantino had been stabbed seven times, and any one of the cuts would have been fatal.

I reached Cantino's office a few minutes after the alarm had been spread. There were no signs of a struggle and no disorder of any kind. Cantino apparently had been stabbed first in the neck as he was turning away from his assailant—stabbed by someone whom he did not fear—and after that the assassin had wreaked terrible vengeance on his victim. Investigation proved that the bank had not been robbed. The safe was locked and Cantino's papers and property were all in order.

The local authorities began to seek for the motive for such a strange crime, but I put it down as Black Hand work at once. I reasoned that Cantino had been threatened even as my friend Leoni in New York, that he had refused to yield to the blackmailers, and that he had been slain as promised in the threats.

With the permission of the sheriff I began to go through the old man's papers. I had not searched long before I found what I was looking for. He had received threatening letters just as I deduced. There were three of them. The last one had threatened him with death in two weeks if he did not turn over a certain sum of money to "the man who comes and asks you for this." Apparently he had not done this, and he was killed as a consequence.

I was disappointed in these letters. I had expected to see them in the hand-writing of Martina. But they weren't. They were in another and quite different hand, an educated Italian hand, but not Martina's.

It took some time for the significance of this to sink in.

Martina had written Leoni in New York a practical duplicate of what Leoni had written Cantino in Whitefish, Wis. Leoni, the banker, who had come to us with a threatening letter, had written the same kind of a letter himself to a banker in Wisconsin. And Martina had left Whitefish the night that Cantino was murdered.

Meanwhile the New York office of our agency was watching the boats that sailed for Mediterranean ports. Every 200 miles or so I would get a wire advising me that such and such a boat had sailed and nobody answering the description of my man had come aboard. Every time I opened a wire I hoped to see the news that Martina had been arrested while trying to get out of the country, but nothing of the sort occurred.

When I reached New York city I didn't go to the office. I hailed a taxicab and had myself driven to within a couple of squares of Leoni's bank in Elizabeth street. Discharging the taxi man I walked down to the place, mingling with the crowd in a way to make myself inconspicuous. Leoni was back of the cashier's cage. I walked in.

"Hello, Mr. Leoni," I said. "Been anything of Martina?"

Leoni was a good actor but not good enough.

"You haven't seen him, have you?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I saw him out in Whitefish. He killed a fellow by the name of Cantino out there the day before yesterday."

I never watched anybody closer in all my life than I did Leoni while he was telling him this. No Anglo-Saxon could have hidden what was going on in his mind the way that little Italian did. His expression was one of surprise, only surprise, that I should mention such a thing.

"How horrible!" he said. "How distressing!"

He did it so well that he fooled me.

I said to myself: "You big fool! You guessed wrong, absolutely wrong."

I went back to the office and began to write up my reports, trying to find a flaw in the theory I had worked out. Since I had been up against Leoni and had played my big card and hadn't brought anything out I felt that my theory must be wrong. His expression absolutely had convinced me.

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Established by Franklin in 1788.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, May 31, 1913.

Scout John Sharp Williams is to offer an amendment to the income tax favoring the married man against the bachelor. Perhaps John Sharp thinks this will cause a boom in the marriage market.

Some of the legal members of the representative council have no hesitancy in using their positions as members of the council to advance in that body the interests of their clients. In many legislative bodies this practice is strictly forbidden.

"A column of grasshoppers five miles wide and 18 miles long is devastating New Mexico near El Paso and Tularosa." The President should immediately summon a Southern lawyer to investigate the grasshopper trust under the Sherman law.

It is said that 90 per cent. of the tuberculous patients in New York hospitals who "submitted to Dr. Friedman's turtle cure" are worse, and only one case shows decided improvement. It is pretty evident by this time that Dr. Friedman is somewhat of a humbug.

The State has spent \$2,528,000, including automobile receipts, for construction and maintenance of 830 miles of highway, making a cost of approximately \$3041 per mile, including expense of engineering. In Massachusetts the cost is said to be about \$10,000 per mile.

The Grand Trunk people estimate their loss caused by idleness of machinery and men on the uncompleted Southern New England branch, deterioration of material, roadbed, etc., at \$30,000 to \$50,000 per week, or \$1,000,000 in the aggregate. Whose fault is it? Nobody's but their own. A good game of bluff is sometimes costly.

President Ripley of the Atchafalaya Railroad says if the railroad goes on increasing wages and paying higher prices for everything they buy and are not allowed to increase their rates, then it will not be long before many of the railroads will be operated by receivers. The Democratic Administration still continues to make business look sick.

The Governor of Louisiana wants to call a conference of southern governors to protest against "some parts" of the Underwood free trade bill. The Louisiana governor does not like the free sugar clause, and then again he is afraid that the price of cotton will be reduced at least two cents a pound on account of it. The South is not an entirely happy family.

Gov. Ferris the "progressive" governor of Michigan thinks that 75 per cent. of the Republicans who voted for him "will be back to him next year voting the straight party ticket. In this he is doubtless right. There is room in this country for only two great political parties. A third party can only thrive for a time. Roosevelt with all his energy and ambition will not be able to keep his party an ultimate object over another Presidential election.

Walter Munn, French champagne manufacturer, says: "The best bartender in the world of financial conditions is the champagne market. There is more champagne than ever being drunk in the United States." This may be interpreted both ways: Either men drink to celebrate their prosperity or else they drink to drown their sorrows because they have nothing to do. The latter would seem to be the true interpretation just now.

It is rumored that Theodore Roosevelt has had a difference with The Outlook which may lead to his severing his connection with that publication. He feels entitled to a greater compensation and is considering offers from at least two other New York weeklies. How are the mighty fallen! A short time ago salary was no object. He could have whatever he wanted. Now that the glamour has worn off there is no more demand for his services than for any ordinary man.

The great Grand Trunk force has at last come to an end in this State. A brief dispatch says: "The contract between the O'Brien Construction Co. and the Southern New England Railway Co. for construction of a line to Providence has been canceled, owing to the inability to finance the undertaking." As we have said many times there never was any intention of financing the undertaking. It was a great big game of bluff from the start. Nobody was fooled by it except those people who read the Providence Journal.

There seems to have been considerable narrow mindedness about the action of the representative council on some matters. The double-tracking of Bath road was a matter that was of real importance to the entire city, but the council saw fit to side-track this proposition and to advance the extension of the tracks in the southern section of the city. However meritorious the latter proposition might be, it is purely a local matter of interest only to residents of that region. The Bath road matter concerned the development of Newport as a summer resort and should have had the support of every member.

Reasons for Opposing Japanese.

A writer from California says: "People on the Atlantic seaboard have no conception of the state of mind on the Pacific coast concerning the Japanese question. All the way from Alaska, through British Columbia down to San Diego, the people are alive to the danger of the newly-awakened Japan as an industrial worker as well as a warrior, -- his ability to get and his ability to hold. The Chinese merchant is the real danger. The Japanese have all too quickly imitated the vices of the white man in respect to trade and diplomacy. The constitution of the state of Washington, approved of by the United States Congress, excludes the Japanese and Chinese absolutely from holding land in that state by a provision forbidding land holdings by any alien. Under the constitution of the United States no Oriental can become a citizen of the United States. This applies alike to all Asiatic races. Of course, China, Japan and other Orientals, or any other, born in the United States, may become citizens of the United States under our naturalization law.

Oregon has an exclusion act and the proposal in California is on the same lines as the exclusion acts already practiced in the other two Pacific states. The same law began in British Columbia ten years ago and an exclusion act was passed. The Dominion government vetoed it after receiving assurance from the Mikado through the British government that the Japanese government would restrict immigration practically to merchants and trading people. Nevertheless, the British Columbia government is compelled to watch every movement of the Japanese to prevent their acquiring land through dummies.

Within the past year British Columbia has had to make reservations out of land along the coast and in the interior that the Japanese were secretly striving to get possession of through Canadian dummies. The British Columbia government watches this matter carefully and investigates any attempt to acquire possession of strategic points and upon any suspicious application for land immediately withdraws the same from sale.

British Columbia has had a system of licensing fishermen on both its salt and fresh waters. Lately, however, the Canadian Court of Appeals and the Privy Council have decided that British Columbia has no jurisdiction over deep sea fisheries. During the past 60 days under a new and comprehensive treaty between Japan and the Dominion government a clause was slipped in with-out the knowledge of British Columbia, under which neither Canada nor any of its provinces can refuse to issue licenses to the Japanese for deep sea fishing. Thus, the deep sea fisheries of British Columbia, in spite of all the opposition of its people, are being handed over to Japanese fishermen who are now steadily increasing their supplies to the Pacific coast countries. It is only a question of time when the Japanese monopolize the deep sea fishing on this coast.

When the treaty of Portsmouth was negotiated the Japanese were rated at 40,000,000 population. The Japanese got extended land rights under that treaty, and half of Saghalien. Formosa was secured during the Chinese war. They have transformed the almost barren island of Formosa into vast plantations supplying all the sugar of Japan. Saghalien is being rapidly developed by Japanese resources and today the Japanese with a population of 35,000,000 are multiplying with formidable rapidity. There is no race suicide in Japan, which could people the entire north Pacific from Alaska to lower California in three generations, and it would then no longer be a white man's country.

On Tuesday next the voters of Rhode Island will be called upon to vote on two propositions for bonding the state, let an issue of \$1,225,000 to be used for the Charitable and Penal Institutions of the state as follows: new buildings at the State Hospital, Cranston \$500,000; Hospital for Advanced Tuberculosis Cases \$150,000; repairs to State Sanatorium at Waltham Pond \$25,000; new building for the School for Feeble Minded, at Exeter \$155,000; for the State Home and School, Providence \$40,000; for the R. I. School for deaf, Providence, \$5,000; for construction of new buildings at the State Institutions, Cranston, \$250,000. These are all to be voted for under one head. Some of the appropriations herein enumerated are needed, others could wait, but it is impossible to distinguish as the proposition is made up. It will be necessary to vote for the whole or none. It will be better to vote yes on all of them. The second proposition is for an appropriation of \$700,000 for continuing the work on the roads of the State. These roads have cost considerable money, but they are worth it. Rhode Island ranks second of all the states in percentage of improved roads and we want to keep up that record, in fact we should rank No. 1. By all means vote yes on this proposition. Good roads are an asset which is of incalculable value to the State.

Change of Time.

The summer time table on the New Haven road goes into effect tomorrow. This is considerably earlier than usual. Trains will then leave here for Boston and Providence, and intervening stations at 5.55, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00, a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.03, 7.15, and 9.15 p. m. The principal change in the schedule is in the morning trains to and from Fall River. The Sunday trains will leave Newport at 7.03, 8.14, 11.02 a. m., 3.05, 5.03, and 9.15 p. m.

New York has over 500,000 telephones, London only 235,000, Berlin 210,000 and Paris only 92,000. The United States is still ahead in everything progressive.

Penny Postage.

A new and determined effort is being made to have this Congress adopt penny postage. It ought to succeed. Now that the parcels post is in actual operation and bids fair to be extended during the next few years, it is claimed by business men generally that their demand for a one cent letter rate should be heeded. They point to the fact that the post office department is now realizing an enormous surplus, something like \$35,000,000 per year, from the letter mail. Although letter mail constitutes but fourteen per cent. of the revenue of the department it pays about seventy five per cent. of the revenue received from all classes, and it is evident that this is a decided discrimination against users of first class or letter mail.

One of the interesting features of the post office department is the so-called "blue tag" system. In September, 1911, the plan was inaugurated. It covers that section of the United States lying between Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City and provides that within this section, second class mail, particularly heavy magazine mail, shall be hauled in freight cars.

A report from Postmaster Childs of Kansas City indicates that the system has been a great success so far as it has been worked out. Reports furnished by Postmaster Childs indicate that the saving on the small part of the whole mail that this portion covered, for a term of seventeen months was \$361,695.50.

The Curtis Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, probably the largest periodical publishers in the world, ship out of Philadelphia by regular mail service every day, from 5 to 10 fully loaded cars stacked to the roof with magazines. These are carried at the rate of one cent per pound or \$20 per ton. When shipped in this way they may be carried for that ridiculous sum, all the way from Philadelphia to California.

Letter mail, on the other hand, costs its originator an average rate of over 84 cents per pound, because there are in the neighborhood of 45 pieces, including some postal cards, to the pound. This means a cost of \$1850 per ton to the originator of letter mail, as against \$20 per ton for the big magazine some of which charge as high as \$5,000 a page for advertisements.

It is claimed that the loss to the government through this lack of business method is over \$60,000,000 per year, sufficient to entirely eat up the surplus furnished by first class mail.

Good Roads.

From the good roads year book just published it appears that the state bonds authorized for road improvement total \$186,378,000 and the county and township bonds issued for similar purposes up to December, 1912, so far as obtainable, aggregate \$165,533,955, a total of almost \$350,000,000.

The mileage of public roads in the country is given by states and this foot up 2,219,908, or practically 2,200,000 miles. Of this something over 206,000 miles or between 9 and 10 per cent. is "improved."

Only three states exceed 100,000 miles of roads. These are Texas 128,971, Missouri 107,923, and Iowa 102,427. States that exceed 70,000 miles each are Kansas 68,802, Illinois 61,141, Ohio 58,861, Pennsylvania 57,886, Georgia 52,230, Nebraska 50,388, Minnesota 48,828, New York 48,279, and Oklahoma 47,925.

The total mileage improvement is by far the greatest in the New England States. Massachusetts leads with 56.8 per cent. Rhode Island comes second with 50.7, and then Indiana 38.7, Washington 31.7, Ohio 27.2, Connecticut 24.6, New Jersey 23.6. In actual mileage Indiana with 24,965 and Ohio with 24,216 lead the procession. The least in any state is 62, in Nevada.

There are eight states where the percentage of improved roads is less than 1 per cent, and, including these, there are twenty that have less than 5 per cent. improved. The eight below 1 per cent. are Kansas 38, Mississippi 73, Montana 41, Nebraska 33, Nevada 4, North Dakota 23, Oklahoma 5, South Dakota 5.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) Mrs. Cornelia Sloan has returned from a long visit to her daughter, Mrs. William Caswell of Albany, N. Y.

Rev. Christopher Rooney of St. Anthony's Church has returned from a visit to New York.

Mrs. Richard R. Macomber is entertaining her mother Mrs. G. Mason Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. William Arnold of Fall River, and their daughter Miss Arnold have arrived at their cottage at Bristol Ferry for the summer.

Mr. Barton A. Bailou of Providence is at his summer home near Bristol Ferry.

Mrs. Robert Scott who has been very ill with pneumonia is so much better that she is up a little every day. She has been taken to her home from Mrs. Thomas Holman's home where she was taken ill.

Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton entertained a small party of children recently in honor of the third birthday of her daughter Louise May.

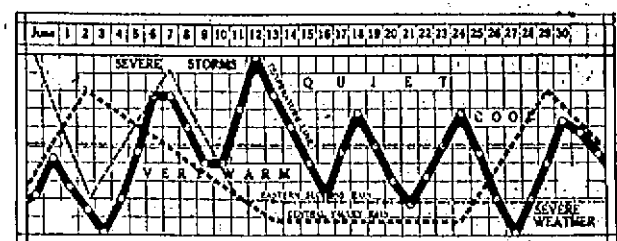
Alvin Pacheco was given a pleasant surprise in honor of his birthday when about 20 of his school-mates gathered at his birthday.

Ferryboat Bristol went on the line between Bristol and Bristol Ferry on Sunday.

Mr. Erle F. Barker, chief machinist on supply ship Celtic, has been the

PACKED DRINK ONLY IN LIPTON'S TEA A WORD TO THE WIVES IS SUFFICIENT TINS

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the top line represents normal precipitation and temperature. As temperatures and precipitation lines the probabilities will increase for more precipitation and higher temperatures. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and much later for east of it, in proportion to distance from that Meridian which runs north thru St. Louis.

In above chart the lower line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of the line and as much for east of it as weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., May 28, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent May 29 to June 2, warm wave May 29 to June 1, cold wave May 30 to June 4. The week centering on the day this disturbance passes your longitude, as it moves eastward, will average cooler than usual, the storm forces will continue greater than normal, but will decrease faster after May 31. Rainfall will be deficient in the Ohio valley. Large parts of the east sections will continue to want for moisture. We have not expected a large yield of oats this year.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 6, cross Pacific slope by close of 4, great central valleys 8 to 7, eastern sections 8. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 5, great central valleys 5, eastern sections 7. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 6, great central valleys 8, eastern sections 10.

Soon after this disturbance passes to the east of the Rocky Ridge the storm forces will largely increase and about the time it crosses Meridian 90 it will be a radical storm, increasing in force all it passes, but onto the Atlantic. We are not willing to risk a positive statement about the force of this storm but will warn it to watch it and take no chances.

The cycle of great storms culminates in 1913, will run throughout the year and was long ago graded with these

guest of Dr. and Mrs. Francis P. Conway.

Mr. Abner Brown, son of the late David and Fannie Brown, was united in marriage to Mrs. Halse of Newport on May 28th. The wedding was very quiet only members of the family and a few intimate friends being present. The bride was dressed in white. After the ceremony the couple received their friends. Mrs. Fannie Brown will make her home with her son and his wife.

Miss Harriet E. Sanford entertained the guild of St. Paul's Church Tuesday afternoon. Plans were made to hold a supper at the Guild House early in June, and Miss Sanford was chosen chairman of the committee.

Perry Sherman, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman, has been in town to see relatives. Mr. Sherman is a wireless operator on battleship Georgia.

Mrs. Letitia Lawton who has been seriously ill for several weeks has been taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. William F. Grinnell.

Mr. William H. Cross has been engaged as book-keeper for Chase and Son. The position is vacated by Miss Anna Chase whose marriage to Mr. Gould Anthony is an event of the near future.

Mrs. Almira Tallmadge was called to Wakefield early in the week by the sudden death of her granddaughter, the ten year old daughter of Albertus Tallmadge.

At the Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday morning Mrs. Emma Brayton was presented with a flexible covered morocco bound Bible, suitably inscribed for faithful attendance.

Vice-President Taylor of the Stock Yards National Bank of Chicago says that stocks of beef have decreased from 282,000,000 pounds in 1908 to 85,000,000 pounds at close of 1912, and that "Uncle Sam must pay higher and higher prices to other countries for his beefsteak or go without it--unless Mexico comes to his relief by furnishing cattle for restocking the ranches of the United States."

Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE H. WELLINGTON, CHIEF.

NEED OF REFORM WITHIN PARTY

Not Denied by the Republican Executive Committee

BAIN BY PROGRESSIVE WING

Council to Meet Sixty Days After Adjournment of Congress and Decide Question of National Convention in 1914--Permanent Headquarters to Be Established in Washington

Washington, May 26.--To create a new and vigorous Republican party out of the tangle of shreds and patches left by last year's fight, the Republican national committee will meet within sixty days after the adjournment of the special session of congress. The leaders think the effect of Democratic tariff revision then will be apparent. The committee will decide whether it can put Humpty Dumpty together. If not, a national convention of the party will be called for some time in 1914.

The need of reform within the party was not denied and steps were taken to bring about changes in party methods which members in discussion declared were of paramount importance. The suggestion of the progressive element for a national convention in the near future was heard and it was practically the unanimous opinion that such a convention should be called. It was decided to submit this question to the national committee and the agreement of opinion among the executive committee members was taken as an indication of what might be expected from the larger body.

This program was determined upon by the executive committee of the national committee, at a meeting here. It was an auspicious beginning of the "get together" movement.

Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the national committee, opened the meeting of the executive committee with a statement that it was called to consider:

Establishment of headquarters and an inauguration of a publicity campaign.

Co-operation between the national and congressional committees.

Correction of the inequalities of representation.

It was agreed unanimously to establish a headquarters in Washington, in charge of James B. Reynolds, secretary of the national committee. Reynolds will conduct the organization and publicity work, such as already is being done by Thomas J. Pence for the Democratic national committee, and O. K. Davis for the Progressive national committee. For the first time the great parties are maintaining permanent headquarters here between elections.

It was likewise agreed that the national committee shall co-operate with the congressional committee, for it is realized that the result of the congressional elections in 1914 will go far to determine the presidential campaign of 1916.

DROWNED NEGRO BOY

Three Vermont Men Sentenced to Terms in State Prison

Burlington, Vt., May 27.--Prison sentences were imposed on Henry Goodrich, Henry McCabe and James Sweeney, who, in an attempt to make Samuel Rhodes, a negro boy, confess to stealing, accidentally drowned the lad in the Winooski river at Bolton. McCabe and Sweeney pleaded guilty to manslaughter before the trial in which Goodrich was convicted of the same crime.

The court imposed the same sentence on all three, of not less than six or more than eight years in state prison.

MAN WITH FOUR ARMS

Two Fake Stamps Used to Lure Cohn From Sympathetic People

Boston, May 29.--John A. Ferron, 38, who has been standing in South End streets displaying the stamps of both arms and selling pencils, appeared before Justice Hollier in the police court, charged with being a vagrant.

Officer Tagney surprised the court when he announced that John had two arms that were just as good as his, but that while plying his trade he secreted both arms inside his coat and through his coat sleeves "he showed two fake stamps." John will summer at the state farm.

IN BOSTON MARKETS

Butter--Northern creamery extras, 28¢@30¢; western creamery extras, 28¢@30¢; western firsts, 28¢@28¢. Cheese--York state fancy, old, 17¢; fair to good, 15¢@16¢; new fancy, 14¢@14½¢; fair to good, 13¢@13½¢. Eggs--Choice henner and nearby, 25¢@25¢; eastern extras, 24¢@25¢; western extras, 22¢@23¢; western firsts, 21¢; storage packed, 21¢@22¢.

Apples--Storage Indiana, 45¢@50¢; fancy fresh packed, 43¢@45¢; No. 1, 42¢@43¢; No. 2, 42¢@43¢; russet, storage, 35¢@37¢; fresh packed, 25¢@27¢; northern spy, 44¢@45¢; Ben Davis, 42¢@43¢.

Potatoes--Maine Green Mountain, 22¢@24¢ per 2-bu bag; Florida, 22¢@24¢; sweet potatoes, North Carolina, 22¢@24¢.

Poultry--Northern fowl, 20¢@21¢; western, 18¢@19¢; native dressed broilers, 30¢@33¢; live broilers, 25¢@26¢; live fowl, 17¢; frozen western turkeys, best, 23¢@25¢; squab, 43¢@45¢ doz.

Deaths.

In this city, 28th inst., Fannie E. wife of George A. Eddy, in her 84th year.
In this city, 28th inst., Laura Amelia, wife of Michael Eddy, in her 77th year.
In this city, May 29, Philip Lee, in his 61st year.
In Little Compton, 28th inst., Mrs. Sarah F. Borden, in her 84th year.
In New Bedford, 28th inst., Charles W. Coggeshall, in the 79th year of his age.
At West Newton, Mass., Sunday, 28th inst., Gideon Smith, in his 74th year.
In Providence, 28th inst., Roxanna Armington, widow of Daniel Cory, in her 91st year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for their friends regarding real estate, houses, farms and other property, or for a site for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT

22 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1881 as a Commission of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

ROOSEVELT NOT A TEETOTALER

But Never Under Influence of Liquor, He Swears

SPOONFUL OF BRANDY HIS LIMIT

Tells Court of His Drinking, Which Eliminates Beer, Dark Wines and Barrooms—Uses Light Wines and Occasionally Champagne—Rife Says Ex-President Is "a Gentleman"

Marquette, Mich., May 28.—One of the most extraordinary statements ever made by a public man in an open gathering was made by Theodore Roosevelt in court, when he gave, almost in detail, a list of the alcoholic drinks he has swallowed in the course of his life.

Heading toward the jury, drawn from all sections of a country where drinking is common, he snapped out a crisp, detailed denial that he is a drunkard or ever has been under the influence of drink.

George A. Newell, of Ishpeming, the editor whom Roosevelt is suing for \$10,000 damages for publication of charges against the colonel's sobriety, sat grimly listening as the witness told his story.

"I am not a teetotaler," said Roosevelt, "but I am abstemious to the extreme. I never have been drunk in my life, nor in the slightest degree under the influence of alcohol."

This was his declaration of faith. His story covered the minutest details of his daily life as a soldier, governor, president, African hunter, contributor, editor and candidate for re-election. He told with whom and where he had tasted drink and specified how much was in his glass.

A smile stole over the faces of the spectators as he testified he never touched beer, whiskey or red wine. These are the only tipples of the north peninsula of Michigan.

Editor Newell sat near enough to the ex-president to touch him on the knee, but did not look at him.

The leading points in the ex-president's testimony may be quoted as follows:

I am not a total abstainer. I have never drunk a high ball or a cocktail in my life.

I do not smoke and I do not drink beer, and I don't drink red wine.

I have never drunk whiskey or brandy except when the doctor prescribed it, or possibly on some occasion after great exposure when I was chilled through.

The only wines I have drunk have been white wines, maderia, champagne or very occasionally a glass of sherry.

At home at dinner I often drink a glass or two of white wine and Poland water.

At public dinners I sometimes drink a glass of champagne, or perhaps two. On an average I may drink one glass of champagne a month.

There was a fine mint bed at the White House and I may have drunk half a dozen mint juleps there in a year.

On the African trip the expedition took along a case of champagne, a case of whiskey and a bottle of brandy. The brandy was for me because I do not drink whiskey. In the eleven months of the trip the doctor administered just seven ounces of it to me for medicinal purposes. I never touched it except on his advice. The champagne was used for three or four of our party who were ill of dysentery and for some sick strangers whom we met.

On speaking tours, by direction of Surgeon General Rixey, I sometimes took a goblet or two of milk before retiring, and in each there was a measured teaspoonful of brandy.

Since leaving the White House I think I have tasted mint juleps twice—part of a glass at St. Louis and a sip from a loving cup at Little Rock, Ark.

Jacob A. Rife, the writer, called as the first important witness for Roosevelt, testified he was 64 years old and was born in Denmark. Rife said he became acquainted with Roosevelt because of their mutual interest in the welfare of the poorer classes of New York. "During the fifteen years you have known Mr. Roosevelt did you ever see him under the influence of liquor?"

"Oh, Lord, no," replied Rife. "The statement that he is a free user of liquor is a lie."

"Is he a blasphemous man?"

"He is a gentleman," said Rife, emphatically. "About the worst I ever heard him say was 'By Godfrey.'"

The court sustained an objection that "the law presumed the plaintiff was a gentleman."

Marquette, Mich., May 29.—Men who have been associated with Theodore Roosevelt in public and private life, who met him on the Nile when he returned from his African hunting trip and newspapermen who accompanied him on his various political campaigns, testified yesterday in Roosevelt's libel suit against George A. Newell, a newspaper owner of Ishpeming, Mich., that the former president not only was not a drunkard but that he was notably and extremely temperate in the use of intoxicants.

Boston Stock Brokers Assign Boston, May 29.—Charles E. Legg & Co., stock brokers, have made an assignment. The unsecured liabilities are estimated at about \$50,000.

Mikado Has Fully Recovered Tokio, May 29.—Emperor Yoshihito has quite recovered from his recent indisposition and is in normal health again.

ROOSEVELT VS. NEWELL

They Face Each Other in Famous \$10,000 Libel Suit



Roosevelt photo © by American Press Association.

HERRESHOFF WILL BUILD DEFENDER

Funds Are to Be Supplied by New York Yachtmen

Bristol, R. I., May 29.—Nat Herreshoff, designer of successful defenders of the America's cup, will probably build a candidate for the defense of the cup next year against Sir Thomas Lipton, and a syndicate made up of former Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, C. O. Iselin and some of the other older members of the New York Yacht club, will furnish the funds.

That Designer Herreshoff has expressed a willingness to accept a commission from the syndicate was learned last night on his return from New York after a long conference requested by members of the New York Yacht club who have been prominent in financing other cup racers.

MORSE HEADS HUDSON LINE

Elected to Position From Which He Was Deposed Three Years Ago

New York, May 29.—Charles W. Morse was elected president of the Hudson Navigation company, owners of a line of steamers operating on the Hudson river. Morse was head of the company in 1909, was deposed a year later. John W. McKimmon, who succeeded him, sold his interest in the line to a syndicate of bankers who placed it in Morse's hands, thus giving him control.

This marks the first step of Morse's return to actual work in his chosen field and toward that goal in the business world that has been his ambition since he was released from the federal prison at Atlanta.

O. K'D BY SUPREME COURT

Druggist Has Right to Cut Price on Patent Medicines

Washington, May 27.—A medicine patent does not secure exclusive right to fix a price, according to a decision of the United States supreme court.

The Bauer Chemical company of New York sued James O'Donnell, a Washington "cut rate" druggist, for selling a patented preparation at less than the fixed price. The court decides he has a right to.

KILLS SELF IN CELL

Man Awaiting Trial For Murder Ends Life by Hanging

Claremont, N. H., May 29.—George J. Kendall of Lebanon, who was awaiting trial next week for the murder of Joseph Osgood at Plattsfield on Dec. 6, committed suicide in the county jail by hanging.

Mrs. Kendall, who was keeping house for Osgood, was shot at the time of the murder by her husband, but recovered.

"Big Tim" Leaves Sanitarium New York, May 26.—"Big Tim" Sullivan, after months in a sanitarium, where he went after a mental and physical breakdown, has returned to New York, and is expected shortly to be able to take his seat in congress.

Grasshoppers Worry Texas Farmers Amarillo, Tex., May 28.—The "grasshopper hop" has hundreds of farmers going. With poison they are fighting millions of the pests moving eastward in a column eighteen miles long and five miles wide.

Pope Has Fully Recovered Rome, May 26.—Pope Plus X. has now fully recovered from his recent illness and is in normal health.

Death of Tom Hanton Chicago, May 28.—Tom Hanton, widely known as a wit and raconteur, died here of pneumonia.

PEACE MOVES ARE FRUITLESS

Balkan Alliance May Soon Be Entirely Dissolved

WAR CLOUDS ARE GATHERING

Sofia Reports Active Preparations For Real Hostilities—Meanwhile Bulgarian-Greek Fighting Goes On—Bulgars Prepare to Capture Hill Dominating Salonica

London, May 29.—The military circles of the Bulgarian capital expect an almost immediate outbreak of hostilities between Bulgaria and Serbia.

The Times correspondent at Athens says Bulgaria is striving to come to an agreement with Greece in order to have her entire forces free to operate against Serbia. The Bulgars propose to give up their claims on Salonica on condition that Greece abandons certain territory in the Pangalon district. Should this arrangement succeed Serbia and Greece will be separated by Bulgarian territory.

A Sofia dispatch says: "More than 80,000 troops massed here are on a war footing and Bulgaria is making most active preparations for real hostilities. Word has been received there that the Servians are rapidly advancing on the Bulgarian frontier, prepared to take the offensive if their ultimatum is ignored."

"From a semi-official source it is learned that Bulgaria has not the slightest notion of yielding to the demand of Serbia."

"Failure of Bulgaria to accede to the Serbian demand, which provides for the modification of the treaty of alliance, would be apt to mean the entire dissolution of the Balkan alliance. Greece, already at war with Bulgaria, would likely join issues with Serbia."

The most severe tension still exists between the Greek and Bulgarian armies facing each other some distance to the north of Salonica. Several clashes occurred Tuesday and yesterday, and the Greeks accuse the Bulgarians of assuming the aggressive.

In spite of the declaration made at the Bulgarian capital that the Bulgarian troops have been ordered to observe a moderate attitude and to avoid conflicts with the Greeks, the Bulgarian commanders apparently are preparing to attack Eleftheria, with a view to gaining complete occupation of the dominant position of Mt. Pangalon. They already have placed guns on the crests of the hills to the south-east of Prave, commanding Eleftheria. The Bulgarian troops also have occupied the heights commanding the village of Dujakta, to the south of Lake Doiran and the town of the same name, which is occupied by the Greeks.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE"

Ten Battleships Arrive at New York For Memorial Day Function

New York, May 29.—Ten battleships of the Atlantic fleet came here to honor the memory of their lost sister, the Maine. On Memorial day their crews will take part in the dedication of the national Maine monument at the Columbus Circle entrance to Central park. The warships anchored off Sandy Hook.

The battleships are the Wyoming, South Carolina, North Dakota, Virginia, Rhode Island, Kansas, Delaware, New Jersey, Georgia and New Hampshire.

CUT THROUGH AT GRADE

Steam Shovels Meet at Culebra Cut and Separate Continents

Panama, May 26.—When two steam shovels met at Culebra cut, one working from the west and the other from the east, the first through cut of the Panama canal at grade from ocean to ocean was completed.

The whistles blew and hundreds of workmen quit their jobs to cheer when the big engines scooped out the last thread of earth that joined the two continents.

There is still excavating to be done in broadening the canal.

RIGHT ON THE JOB

Policeman Catches in His Arms Boy Who Fell Five Stories

New York, May 25.—Policeman Callom, walking through Greenwich street, saw 6-year-old John Kuro roll off the fifth story window sill of No. 34, a few feet ahead.

Callom lunged forward, arms outstretched, and the shock rolled them both on the pavement. John is in a hospital with a few bruises.

British Aviator Falls to Death Montrose, Scotland, May 28.—Lieutenant Arthur, an aviator in the air corps of the British army, was killed here by the collapse of his machine.

BY UNANIMOUS VOTE

Strike Declared in Shops Controlled by Governor Foss

Boston, May 29.—The employees of the Sturtevant Blower works and Becker Milling Machine company at Hyde Park, in which Governor Foss has controlling interest, voted unanimously last night to strike today. Governor Foss issued no statement regarding the action of the men.

Congressman Goodwin Dead Portland, Me., May 29.—Congressman Forrest Goodwin of the Third Maine district died at a local hospital, where he was brought May 18.

ROBINSON SENTENCED

Six to Ten Years in Prison For New York Graft Policeman

New York, May 27.—Thomas F. Robinson, until lately a policeman, was sent to Sing Sing prison to serve from six to ten years for extortion.

Robinson was convicted of collecting "protection" money for Police Inspector Sweeney from a Harlem hotel keeper. Sweeney is one of the four former inspectors recently convicted and imprisoned.

NEW ENGLAND YACHT FOR CUP DEFENDER

Money, Material and Sailors to Be Raised in Yankee Land

Boston, May 28.—New England sailors, manning a yacht made in New England and of materials produced in New England, will win the next international contest for the America's cup, according to Captain George W. Eldridge of this city, an old-time yachting expert, who has formed a project for the construction of such a cup defender through a fund of \$100,000 to be raised by popular subscription.

The yacht, when built, is to be named the New England, according to Eldridge's plans. No subscriber will be permitted to give more than \$2 to the fund.

FINES TOTAL \$81,500

Penalty For Violation of Law by the Coaster Brake Trust

Rochester, N. Y., May 29.—Fines aggregating \$81,500 were imposed in the United States district court by Judge Hazel of Buffalo in the cases of six corporations and eleven individual defendants in the government's action against the so-called "coaster brake" trust for violation of the Sherman law.

Six corporations and eight individuals pleaded guilty to two counts of the indictment, conspiring to restrain trade and attempting to monopolize domestic and foreign trade. Four individuals pleaded nolo contendere. Three of the four were among the eleven defendants fined. Six additional cases were discontinued by nolo prosequi.

FLAGLER'S WILL FILED

Most of Estate Valued at Over \$60,000,000 Goes to His Widow

St. Augustine, Fla., May 28.—Henry M. Flagler's will was filed yesterday and under it J. R. Parrott is to retain the head of the Florida East Coast railroad so long as he may desire. This provision is in recognition of his long and faithful service.

The estate is estimated to be worth between \$60,000,000 and \$70,000,000 and most of it goes to the widow.

The son, Harry, will receive 6000 shares of Standard Oil company of New Jersey. There are public bequests amounting to \$210,000 and many smaller bequests to friends and servants.

PELKY IS REARRESTED

Again in Tolls After Being Exonerated by Coroner's Jury

Calgary, Alberta, May 28.—Arthur Pelky was rearrested yesterday after a coroner's jury Monday night had exonerated him on the charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of Luther McCarty in a prize fight here Saturday.

The move is unexplained, but it is understood the authorities propose a further examination into the circumstances of McCarty's death before releasing Pelky.

Mrs. Atwood Gets Divorce

Reno, Nev., May 26.—Mrs. Sarah J. Atwood was awarded a decree of absolute divorce from Harry N. Atwood, the aviator, upon her allegation that he deserted her on Feb. 1, 1912. She retains the custody of their daughter.

ECZEMA BROKE OUT ON FACE WITH RASH

Had to Tie Hands Behind Back, Itched So Would Scratch All Night. Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured Entirely.

16 Hancock St., Newburyport, Mass.—"I was troubled with eczema for a long time. It broke out on my face with a rash. I had to tie my hands behind my back when I went to bed, because it itched me so much that I would scratch all night. I could not sleep without relief, and thought I could not be cured. One day I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I thought I would try them. After the first treatment I could sleep good. I had not used it for more than two or three days when I soon found relief. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for about a month and was cured entirely." (Signed) Felix Stevens, March 28, 1912.

BREAKING OUT ON THE FACE

General Delivery, Pittsfield, Mass.—"My oldest girl began breaking out on the face with a sore. It began to run and be watery, and scabs formed over it. It got all over her face and in her hair so I had to cut it. Her hair came out in places. It was very itchy so I had to hold her hands. I got a bar of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment, and also was cured. Her hair came back in and she has beautiful hair now." (Signed) Mrs. T. Hadden, Dec. 21, '11. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. 7, Boston." Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY.

Successors to the Business of The National Bank of Rhode Island. Incorporated as a State Bank.

1795.

And of the First National Bank, Incorporated as a State Bank.

1838.

With Officers and Directors of many years' experience in National and State Banking, we solicit your business.

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, President.

CLARK BURDICK, Vice President.

EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

140 Millions Spent for Bettering the Railways of New England

Within nine years the New England Lines have spent \$140,780,907 for additions and improvements.

This vast sum is greater than the total deposits in the savings banks of New Hampshire and Vermont.

All expended for heavier rails, stronger bridges to carry heavier trains, new stations, new equipment.

Every dollar spelling transportation efficiency for New England!



Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—

Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets, Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States.

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182 THAMES STREET,

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CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

• BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

The Chivalry of General Grant

AFTER the Chattanooga campaign and the victory of Grant's armies at Missionary Ridge that part of the country was deserted by the Confederates. One day Grant and his staff officers, a party of about fifty mounted soldiers, while riding about the country came upon an old log cabin with smoke issuing from the single chimney. An orderly was sent over there to see if the party could be supplied. He came back and stated that there was no one there except a middle aged woman and that she declined to say whether she could or could not supply the party.

General Grant immediately started across the field for the house; the staff officers following after him. The woman met him at the door of her humble home and told him that she would not do anything for him nor for any other Yankee. Then General Grant said:

"Madam, there is a state of war in our country. We cannot observe peaceful amicitia. You will prepare dinner for my party, and we will pay for it, or we will take everything in sight, cook our own dinner and pay you nothing. You may do as you please."



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

"Under such circumstances," said the lone woman, "I'd be a fool to go broke."

"When the dinner was concluded and the horses had been cared for and they were all ready to depart General Grant said:

"Now, madam, you have fed us, and we are ready to pay you. It is very plain to all of us that you are a Confederate through and through. I have here in my hand a bunch of Confederate money and in my other hand plenty of Yankee money. You can have your pay in either kind of money."

The money of the Confederacy wasn't worth a dollar a barrel at that time. The woman knew it. Her eyes filled for a moment, but she wiped them with her apron and proudly said:

"I will take the money of my own country, sir, of course."

Then Grant counted out \$250 in the money of the United States, laid it on the table beside that stout hearted woman and, placing his hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Madam, I am proud of you. I see in you the true spirit of American womanhood. It is no wonder that American soldiers, south and north, make the best soldiers in the world. You have shown to us the spirit of the American womanhood of the Revolution, the spirit of the mothers at home that made stout the hearts of Washington's soldiers at Valley Forge and in all of their campaigns. You are not overpaid. God bless you, madam, and bless your soldier husband and sons also."

An Incident of the War.

The pickets of the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin made arrangements with the "rebs" one hot afternoon to cease hostilities for two hours. Things went along charmingly for more than an hour, when a young officer appeared on the Confederate line and ordered the men to go to firing.

"We can't do it, sir," said the sergeant. "We have agreed with the Yankees to quit shooting for two hours. The time is only half up."

"Sergeant, order the picket to begin firing at once."

"I can't break my word with the Yankees, sir."

"Then I will. Begin firing, every man of you."

Not a man touched his gun or started for the pits.

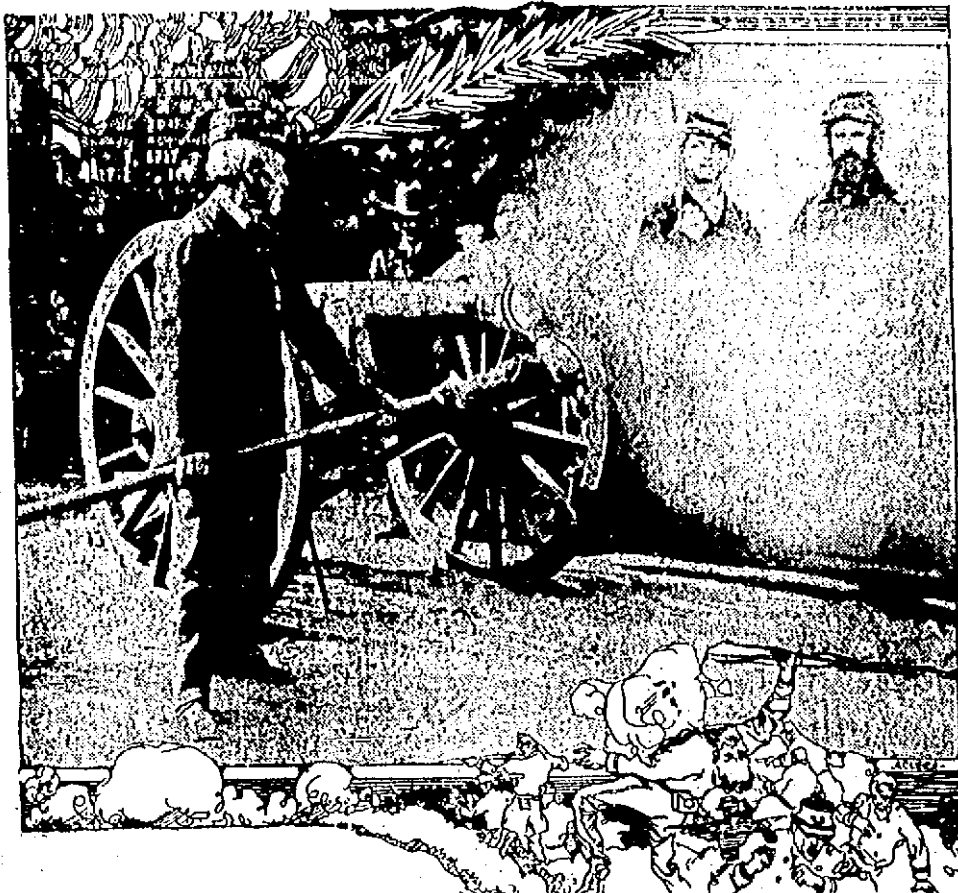
The young officer seized a gun and shot at the Union pickets. That was the signal for our line to open fire. The balance of that day the Confederate pickets in front of those two regiments didn't shoot to kill. Those who didn't shoot in the air separated the chunk of lead from their cartridges—blackened them.

That night a dozen or more of the pickets left their pits and crept into the Union lines, giving as their excuse the conduct of the young officer. Their haversacks were filled the next morning by the Massachusetts and Wisconsin boys as they started on their journey north.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Recitation.

"Put some spirit into it, child," shouted the father, who is an actor. "Make some gestures. What is she reciting, anyhow?" he demanded of his wife. "She won't need any gestures with this," retorted the father. "She is reciting the multiplication table."

SALUTE THE DEAD



THROUGH the boom of the guns that thunder
Their yearly salute to the dead
There comes again the minor refrain
From the guns of the days long dead,
When brave men fell in a smoking hell
And the earth was splashed with red.

In the smoke of the salutation
The old scene rises to sight
Where the red sun reeled o'er the battle-
field
Till the sun clouds veiled its light,
And the flag was seen through the rifts
between
As it drew the tides of the fight.

THERE arise again the faces
Of those who went down in the fray,
Whose blood congealed on the shot swept
field
As their life tide ebbed away,
The boys in blue back in sixty-two,
Our comrades of yesterday.

A Memorial Day Poem

By JAMES A. EUGERTON
(Copyright, 1913, by American Press Association)

From out of a smoke framed vision
These lost ones upon me gaze:
There was brother Roy with the face of a
boy
And a trick of our mother's ways,
And good old Ben—he was captain then—
My playmate of other days.

ROY fell in the fight at Shiloh.
As his head lay on my breast,
"Tell mother," he sighed, "I loved her
and died."
Trying to do my best. . . .
Then Captain Ben at the head of his men
Went down on Lockout's crest.

The dead past rises before me
Till it seems like yesterday,
And I rub my eyes as I realize
It is fifty years away.
There remain, like ghosts of those mighty
hosts,
These few of us, bent and gray.

COMRADES and friends and brothers,
All of them gone ahead,
And when next May brings again this day
A few more names will be read.
Perhaps they'll be ours as men deck with
flowers
The graves of the soldier dead.

So be it. We'll know for our country
We have done our little share;
That Old Glory waves above our graves,
And we kept her folds in air,
And that those we love in the realms
above
Will welcome us over there.

THE REGIMENTAL COLORS.

How a Tot Saved in Battle Led the Regiment Back to Town.

At the bombardment of Fredericksburg, Va., during the civil war a Confederate soldier was taking sight for a shot at an enemy across the street. Just as his fingers trembled on the trigger a little three-year-old, fair haired baby girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a big Newfoundland dog, and gave chase to a shell that was rolling lazily down the pavement.

The soldier's hand dropped from the trigger. There was the baby, amid the torrent of shot and shell, and came the enemy. A moment and he had grounded his gun, dashed out into the storm, swept his right arm around the child, gulped cover again and, with the baby clasped to his breast and the musket trailed in his left hand, was trotting after the boys up to Marye's heights.

Behind that historic stone wall all those hours and days of terror that baby was tenderly cared for. Our boys scoured the countryside for milk and conformed up their best skill to prepare dainty viands for her little ladyship.

When the struggle was over and the enemy had withdrawn the Twenty-first Mississippi, having held the post of danger in the rear, was assigned to the post of honor in the rear and led the column. There was a long halt, the brigade and regimental staff hurrying to and fro. The regimental colors could not be found.

Buck Deussen stood about the middle of the regiment, baby in arms. Suddenly he sprang to the front, swung her aloft above his head, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, and shouted, "Forward, Twenty-first—here are your colors!" and without further order of staided the brigade toward the town. Buck himself describes the last scene in the drama:

"I was holding the baby high, assistant, with both arms, when above all the racket I heard a woman's scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico, and the woman fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell and, laying her down gently, put the baby in her arms."

MEMORIAL DAY.

On this returning floral day,
When golden morn adorns the blue,
We softly come and fondly say
A tribute on your graves anew.

Roses that whisper hope we bring,
Carnations rich and lilies rare,
Garlands of memory scattering
Their incense on the sacred air.

For us your daring march was made
In deadly storm of shot and shell,
For us to live sweet life you paid
In fearless glory where you fell.

While countless ages roll along,
Earth's royal pageants pass away,
Four matchless deeds extolled in song
Shall consecrate this holy day.

Not Altogether Cheerless.
"Why are you removing all the rocking chairs?" "Pa has sworn off on swearing, and we want to do all we can to help him."—Detroit Free Press.

Greatest Wealth.
There is no wealth but life—Aesop.

GIVE BACK THE FLAGS; TWINE NEW WREATHS

NEW heroes come to claim applause
And back in worldly glory,
To hear the people's glad buzz
And shine in song and story.
Past wrongs appear as present rights,
Old scores and hates are buried,
And scores of men are buried,
But rich in honor still they stand,
And bright their pages shine,
Who fought for their God given land
And saved your land and mine.

We may forgive, we may forget
The wrongs which rent our banner
The bonds that should have bound and led
Escape the cannon's thunder
I greet my father's foeman's son
As trusted friend and brother—



Our sires met with sword and gun;
We clasp hands with each other
Not, though the wrongs are worn away,
There will be wreaths to twine
For them that entered in the fray
For your dear land and mine.

The scars are healed upon the trees
That felt the shock of battle;
The ruts are smoothed upon the leas
Where graze the peaceful cattle.
Oh, let the tattered emblems go!
Give back each flag and token
That tells of brave hearts plunged in war
And knightly spirits broken.
But ever while brave hearts beat true
And sun and stars shall shine
Fresh laurels for the heroes who
Bared your proud land and mine!

General Butler and Old Ironsides.
The ship Constitution, popularly known as Old Ironsides, lay at Annapolis during a part of the war. General Butler, on taking possession of that Maryland city, learned of a Confederate plan to secure the historic old vessel. He called for volunteers from his men to man the steam ferryboat Maryland, which he had captured, and towed the frigate, after much difficulty, out of harm's way.

Have Confidence in Yourself.
"It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything."—Phillips Brooks.

Daily Thought.
To cure is the voice of the past; to prevent, the divine whisper of today.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

SHELBY GOT THE HORSE.

Californian Tells How He Lost Valuable Animal.

"I was very anxious to see General Joe Shelby during my stay in Kansas City and regret that he is away," said Charles C. Allen of Los Angeles.

"My first knowledge of Shelby was during the war and was down in the southern portion of Missouri. Shelby was in command of a force of Confederate soldiers who were galloping over the country and making it very hot for any small bodies of Federals they overtook. A Union regiment, in which I was an officer, was very short of provisions one day. I decided to ride on ahead of the command and see if I might possibly find something to eat. I was accompanied by our body servant, a faithful negro, who on that trip rode my horse. That horse was the pride of my heart. We were both very tired, and I soon nodded my head and dozed as I was riding, and while I was thus oblivious of my surroundings the negro went on ahead a short distance. Without warning we rode directly into a strong force of Confederate cavalry, commanded by Shelby. I was aroused from my doze by the commands to the negro to halt."

"I cast one hurried glance in front, saw the Confederates in force, wheeled my horse and fled up the road at the best gallop possible and with enough bullets whistling around me to load a small wagon. It was a race that was run in earnest. The stake was human liberty, and you bet I gave that horse all the encouragement I knew how and finally was able to get back to a place of safety. But that horse! He was a fine fellow, and I lost him and the negro. Since the war I learned that after the capture the horse became the property of General Shelby and was ridden by him for many months during the hardest service he saw."—Kansas City Journal.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

How One Darky Learned All the Facts With Safety.

"Negroes generally have funny answers for almost every question," said L. W. Mitchell of Atlanta to a group of comrades at Camp Roosevelt. "I have heard perhaps of the fellow who was visiting at the scene of the battle of Antietam and met an old woolly head African, who took pleasure in explaining to the visitor all 'facts' about the engagement there. The negro was asked if he was present when the fight took place, and his answer was:

"'Fartilly, sah; sure, I was right heah."

"'Guess you saw the whole thing?'" "Deed I did, sah, an' it was right bilious times, sah."

"'What position did you occupy?'" "I was down in de cellar, sah. I got down dar to keep out de way of de Yankees, cuse I knowed dat I would be blowed fer whoop fer dem, an' I knowed dat Marse Bob Lee didn't speck dat of me, so I jis' got down in de cellar an' let 'em hit it out!"

Placing the Blame.
While preparing her three-year-old daughter for bed, her mother on the discovery of a hole in her stocking, exclaimed: "Why, Betty, there is a hole in the toe of your stocking."

Betty replied: "Yee mother, but don't blame me, if my big toe ate a piece out of my stocking."

Spirit of Resignation.
"I did my best," said Uncle Jim. "No one can say I shirk. I started in with earnest vim To get a chance to work. I didn't sit in calm content Nor indolent disgrace. I wrote straight to the president And asked him for a place."

"The sun is shining on the stream That sings its song so light, And underneath the waves that gleam Are fish that yearn to bite. In spite of disappointment said I do not sigh nor sob. To tell the truth, I'm rather glad I didn't get a job."

Precision.
President Wilson at a dinner party in Washington said of a statistician: "His figures are so precise that one inclines to doubt them. He is like the American sugar planter in Hawaii who, taking a friend to the edge of a volcano, said:

"'That crater, George, is just 70,004 years old.'"

"But why the four? George asked."

"'Oh, I've been here four,' was the reply. 'It was 70,000 years old when I came.'"

The Optimist.
The world likes a man with a smile on his face. A man who can stand up in any old place. Who holds his own when things go wrong And solves life's riddles with a song.

A fellow like that is so full of good cheer Every body feels that it's good to be near. He tackles work as if 'twere play. His happy and drives care away.

He is not afraid that he cannot come back. He smiles at his fears, and his face doesn't crack. While others fret and sulk in the shade He retires with his fortune made.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Foreign Affairs.

The little Montegrup was hard to catch and will be hard to hold after he is caught.—Cleveland Leader.

The spectacle of mercurial France consoling philistine Germany for nervousness and excitability is enough to make the world sneaker with unholiness.—New York Tribune.

The meanness way just suggested of raising revenue comes from a French municipality, where they have been trying to collect a tax on baby carriages.—Baltimore American.

Money Matters.

Day dreams are all very well, but the young man of today must be able to turn them into cash.—Florida Times-Union.

If they're only going to impose the tax on burrows of over \$4,000, most of us can qualify in the I should worry class.—Indianapolis News.

The reason it is harder to live on \$15,000 a year than on \$15 a week is because it is so difficult to get the \$15,000.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Tales of Cities.

Philadelphia this year has 2,104 licensed saloons, a loss of one since 1912. Chicagoans are demanding a separate prison for women, to be run by women.

San Francisco promises a moral cleanup in advance of the opening of its exposition.

Cleveland's 200 women ragpickers have been declared by the state factory inspector a menace to public health.

Current Comment.

Time is now flying, and the day is not far off when you will have to knock the fly out of time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

At a society dance in New York the dancers danced down a stairway. What sort of steps will they take next?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On the latest and greatest steamship just launched there are lifeboats for 5,250 persons. Still the proper thing for a ship to do with lifeboats is not to need them.—Chicago News.

"I did my best," said Uncle Jim. "No one can say I shirk. I started in with earnest vim To get a chance to work. I didn't sit in calm content Nor indolent disgrace. I wrote straight to the president And asked him for a place."

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Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Endless Chain.

"What became of the little paragraph the paragrapher wrote?" "The joke writer swiped it and weaved it into a comic story."

"Then what?" "A skit writer thimbered it over and it made a vaudeville team famous."

"And then it ended?" "Not in your life. Next year it was three acted out into a musical comedy."

"That settled it?" "Nope. An English playwright by obscuring the theme a bit turned it into a problem play."

"Now it's dead?" "Nope. The dramatic critic roared: 'It is such a way that the paragrapher felt called upon to write a paragraph about it.'"

"I see. And then?" "And then the joke writer swiped it and weaved it into a comic story." (And so on ad lib. year after year.)—St. Louis Republic.

The Hatpin Law.

"By jingo," the policeman said, "This new job ain't no fun! The copper's lot has got to be a most unhappy one. I never thought 'twould come to this. That I should have to pinch a lady when her hatpin shows. For more than half an inch!"

He walked, dejected, down the street. Abashed his haughty pride, His gait in doleful contrast to His usual lordly stride, While modish maidens tripped along Without a sign of awe, And half the pins that held their hats Stuck punctures in the law.

He took his helmet in his hand And wiped his sweating brow. "St. Patrick and the snakes!" said he. "See that one coming now!" Three inches clear the pin stuck out—A menace, all would say—And gallant Michael Mulligan Just looked the other way.

The Proof.
"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to curcomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here boss," George said suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's seven dollar salary. "And I suppose you are pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm! said George. "The both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the boss, but they just docked my pay."—Women's Home Companion.

The Nut Cracker.
Mrs. Cooke had a new servant, and after the first cake was baked the mistress went to the kitchen.

"Della," said Mrs. Cooke, "your cake was very good, but there were not enough nuts in it. When you make another please remember I like plenty of nuts in the cake."

"Well, mum," replied the girl, "the reason I didn't put more in was because I couldn't crack any more today. Indeed, mum, an' my jaw hurts yet from them I did crack."—Lippincott's.

On the Wagon.
It's a long and lonesome ride On the wagon. And monotonous beside On the wagon.

On the wagon, But you don't see cows with whisk Or a green grass that sings, Or rattlesnake that slings, Or a pink bobcat that sprays, Or a grizzly bear that clings, Or a thousand other things On the wagon.

Flirting With Fame.
"Why do you insist on nibbles around that hook?" asked the wise Sah. "You know the danger."

"Yes," replied the little fellow, "but we all have a certain appetite for glory. I am willing to take a chance for the sake of being described to that man's friends as the big fish that got away."

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

